ORIGIN OF SPIRITUALISM

STORY TOLD BY A CONFIDANT OF
THE FOX SISTERS.

The Rise of the Great Delusion and
the Great Contempt That the
Sisters Felt for Believers in It.

William B. Philipa, in New York Independent.

Fifty years ago modern appiritualism arose near and in Rochester, in New York
There were three Fox sisters—namely, Mrs.
Leah Fish, a young widow, who afterward was Mrs. Underhill, the wife of the president of a New York insurance company;
Margaret, better known as Maggie, and
Catherine, also known generally as Kate.
Leah was a half sister, and much older than Maggie and Kate, and evidently an experienced woman. Maggie was born in 18%, and therefore could only be from 12 to 13 years of age when the mysterious noises were first heard at Hydesville, Wayne county, N. Y., in 18%. Kate was younger than Maggie by nearly three years and her age, consequently, would be about 10 years. Mrs. Fox, the mother, stated in an interview with her several years and her age, consequently, would be about 10 years. Mrs. Fox, the mother, stated in an interview with her several years and her age, consequently, would be about 10 years. Mrs. Fox, the mother, stated in an interview with her several years and her age, consequently, would be about 10 years. Mrs. Fox, the mother, stated in an interview with her several years and her age, consequently, would be about 10 years and her age, consequently, would be about 10 years and her age, consequently, would be about 10 years of age when the mysterious noises were first heard at Hydesville, Wayne county, N. Y., in 18%. Kate was younger than Maggle by nearly three years and her age, consequently, would be about 10 years dear the heard at Hydesville, Wayne county, N. Y., in 18%. Kate was younger than dear the heard of the heart of the hea whether she did or not, it is certain that both the young sisters were merely children. And this fact is dwelt upon by spiritualist believers as showing that these children were too young to practice deception, and it went far to induce many intelligent people to believe there must be some foundation for the manifestations exhibited afterward by the little Fox girls.

All three, Leah, Maggie and Kate, are dead. Although Leah was much less known to the public in the inception and progress of spiritualism than her sisters, in fact, not professing to be a medium, she had nevertheless merely desired.

ped it stopped. The other girl then spoke in sport and said: 'Now do just as I do, count one, two, three, four, etc.' she strik-ing one hand in the other at the same time. ing one hand in the other at the same time. The blows which she made were repeated as before, blow after blow. She then began to be startied. I then said to the noise, 'count teñ in the same way,' it making ten strokes. The ages of the children were rapped out. I asked if it were a human being making the noise, but no response came. I asked if it were a spirit to signify by two sounds, and two were made."

in stature and slight in figure, but with well rounded forms. Their features were regular but small. Their childlike, winsome manner and good nature when they first came into public notice won for them the favor of the people in general.

Dr. Kane, the celebrated Arctic explorer, met Maggie in the second year of her appearance before the public, when she was about 16 or 17 years old, fell in love with her, became engaged to her, and made arrangements to prepare her to become his wife. Previous to his expedition to the Arctic region in 183 he insisted that Maggie should give up the spiritual mediumship, and he provided the means to have her properly educated during his absence in the North; consequently she was placed in an excellent school in Pennsylvania. His intention, no doubt, was to marry her. But when he returned in 1855 from the Arctic his health was broken and he never recovered it. He died not long after. Maggie asserted that a marriage had taken place, and although this was denied by some of Dr. Kane's relatives she assumed the name of Kane and was ever after known as Margaret, or Maggie, Fox Kane. Dr. Kane left her a small income from his estate, which she drew for several years: but when she published in 1855 her book entitled "The Love Life of Dr. Kane," containing letters and fac similes, the Kane family was indignant and stopped her income. In 1808 she commenced legal proceedings to recover it, but falled in her endeavor.

Between the time of Dr. Kane's death and the publication of her book she resumed more or less the practices of a spiritualist. But when she instituted the lawsuit she had become a Catholic, and, therefore, was not permitted by the Catholic church to practice spiritualism. Somewhat later she relapsed and returned to spiritualism, partly because she was in needy circumstances and partly through the incessant calls upon her by spiritualists for seances and so-called spirit communications. One day I asked Maggie why she had gone back to spiritualism, when she replied she had to do

about 187, and there married a Mr. Jencken, a barrister of the temple and an accomplished man, but a spiritualist. He became acquainted with her through her performing you would hear him thinking that ances as a medium. In a letter to me, dated

London, September 19, 1875, she says, "Since my marriage I am quite out of spiritual-

When Leah married Mr. Underhill, a may

When I first met Maggie it was at the residence of distinguished people, who were children were too young to practice deception, and it went far to induce many intelligent people to believe there must be some foundation for the manifestations exhibited afterward by the little Fox girls.

All three, Leah, Maggie and Kate, are dead. Although Leah was much less known to the public in the inception and progress of spiritualism than her sisters, in fact, not professing to be a medium, she had nevertheless most to do with working up and carrying on the so-called spirit manifestations. She was a shrewd, cunning and determined woman. Her little sisters were completely under her control, as also was the mother, who was a plain, uncultivated, good-natured and credulous country woman.

Maggie, in later years, speaking one day to me of the credulity of the 'old spiritualism and died believing in it, so well were the secret practices of her children kept from her. Then people sometimes hear or tell lies so long and persistently that they finally forget the origin of them and believe them to be true.

The so-called phenomena arose at the house of Michael Weekman, village of Hydeswille, Wayne county, N. Y. Week' count ten in the same way, it making ten or knockings at his door. It was an old, dilapidated building. He left it in 1847, and then the Fox family went to live there the rent being low and they being poor. They reported that mysterious sounds were heard by them in the house in March, 1848.

When Mrs. Fox, some years after, spoke of the matter, she said: "The noises seemed to be in one of the bedrooms and sounded as if some one was knocking on the color of moving chalfs."

The sone of the manifestations exhibited at the professing the revicus to sitting down I told Maggie in a whisper that I'dle not believe in the spiritualism. In the evening a seance was held all sitting around a table with hands joined. Previous to sitting down I told Maggie in a whisper that I'dle Maggie in

facing the harbor and in front of the lottifications. A park is located about midfications. A park is located about midway of the drive, and in the park is a
bandstand from which each evening the
finest bands in the city play their best
pieces.

again.

At breakfast next morning he appeared
riding a broomstick-the children of the
house and a dozen or more dirty ragamuffinest bands in the city play their best
pieces.

in a before, blow after blow. She then become a beginning that the same way, it making the following that the same way, it making the following making the noise, but no response to the same way and the same way. It making the noise, but no response to the same way and the same way. It making the noise, but no response to the same way and the sa pieces.

The driveway is perhaps 200 feet wide, macadamized and free from dust. Each afternoon from 4 until 6 the avenue is crowded with vehicles, from the one horse trouble to the second with the contract with

From the Baltimore Sun.

A dispatch from London stated that a business house there had been fined heavily for "defrauding purchasers by including wrapping paper in the weight of articles sold."

A gentleman of Baltimore who has been a close student of household economics has made a comparison of the weight of paper to the weight of food supplies purchased for a family, and in one day's purchases found that the paper wrappings amounted to about 10 per cent of the total. In a list of supplies costing about \$1.48 he found that the paper, according to weight, and which was weighed with the provisions, cost him 14% cents. This, he claims, is altogether out of just proportion.

Spanish as It Is Spoken.

REMARKABLE VAGARIES OF A HUN-

GARIAN NOBLEMAN.

Wanders With a Train of Servants, Horses and Dogs-Is a Great Favorite With Men, Women and Children.

From the New York Perss.

Probably the most eccentric millionaire in the world-not even excepting Mrs. Het-ty Green-is Count Hannibal Draval, the Magyar grandee, who travels through Hungary from one year's end to the other, living on his noble confreres, yet spending his immense income, like a royal prince of the fable, in deeds of prodigious generos-

One of the wagons serves as his dining and living room, the other as a gorgeously appointed boudoir, when he is not on his friends, or when en route for another grazing spot. This wandering nobleman never sets foot in a railway car or on a steamer. Over roads impassable for wagons he journeys on horseback, and he would shoot a nag that feared to swim a river as big as the Danube or the Volga.

At Home Everywhere,

Though the peerage accords to him the title of count only, they call him "prince" Hannibal all over Hungary, Croatia, and Dalmatia. He drives his four-in-hand through a village or past a Gypsy camp, throwing kisses to the women silver to the

sbout spiritualism. In the evening a seame through a call and three, Leah, Maggie and Kate, are dead. Although Leah was much less known to the public in the inception and the call three three

How He Pleases Everybody.

abbreviation of the host's name, "A-ssin-sky."

Of course the baron was furious. He challenged Hannibal, and got a bullet in his right arm, besides losing one of those ears that hear so well. The name "A-ssinsky" stuck to him, though. As for "Prince Homeless," he proved to everybody s satisfaction that the night when his friend lost his ear he himself was at a neighbor's, dancing, gambling, and drinking till breakfast. His four servants were with him, too; they furnished the music for the dance first, and afterward turned acrobats for the amusement of the tipsy gentlemen.

Spanish as it is Spoken.

From the Manils Freedom.

What seems remarkable to me is the ease with which Americans pick up Spanish shand the confidence they seem to have in their linguistic abilities. Many of them appear to think they are more master of English.

Mr. — has only been in Manila a few months, not more than a half dozen all told, and the ease with which he rattless off Castillan is something amazing, as the following will show. Mr. — to a jeweler on the Escolta, "Me watchee muchee brokee, muchee diritee, me wantee fixee, you sabe, see?" Jeweler, "Yes, I understand. The gentleman over there will fix your watch."

For Future Decision.

From the Washington Star.

"Do you think there is any danger that a garbled form?"

"How can I tell a thing about it," and swered Mr. Toosides impatiently, "untill after I have seen what kind of an impression it makes?"

When His Wife Is Away.

From the Nauvoe Rustier.

A man always lets on that he has a big time when his wife goes away for a week or so. But he don't. If you could hear his thoughts when he goes home in the evening you would hear him thinking that the lold house is blamed lonesome."

His carriages are valued at 59,000 florins, and he is known to a carry an equal amount of gold and silver with him all the time; yet the knights of the road never trouble him—they know better. When traveling he spends the nights of the road never trouble him—they know better. When traveling he spends the lights of the road never trouble him—they know better. When traveling he spends the lights of the road never trouble him—they know better. When traveling he spends the lights of the road never trouble him—they know better. When traveling he spends the lights of the road never trouble him—they know better. When traveling he spends the lights of the road never trouble him—they know better. When traveling he spends the lights of the road never trouble him—they know better. When traveling he spends the lights of the road never trouble him—they know better. When the knights of the

THE BOOK REVIEWER.

He Is Intimate With the Classics, bu Knows Little of the World.

From the Commercial Advertiser. He is a little, nervous man, transplanted from the country and with a great dread of the rough, raw facts of life. He knows great deal about books and very little about men and women. He is intimate with Beowulf and the "Romance of the Rose" and the Greek and Latin classics. But whenever he meets a man he makes at least one faux pas, innocent usually but still a mistake, and he touches with his ignorance of the world rather roughly on ignorance of the world rather roughly on the sensibility of every woman he knows with any degree of intimacy. He smokes a cigarette with an Ingenuous air of bravado, as if it were a feat, and the few cigars he has ever essayed he found very strong. Whenever he talks he begins with an introduction and ends usually with a quotation. Often he quotes from his own verses, which are written in the general style of Pope. He likes to read almost anything, but above all else he enjoys his own reviews.

own reviews. "It's a good book," he will say. "But Ten years ago he sold his castles in city and country, and has had no home of his own since then, not even lodgings. Twelve horses, four servants, two dogs, and two tally-ho coaches make up his train, one of the wagons serves as his dining and the complete the comp phrase for something far tamer and less "It is, you know," he said, "very dif-ficult to find the exact phrase to express all

the subtle modifications of your thought. The editor is usually comparatively unacquainted with the subject, so the changes he makes generally leave out the fringe, so to speak, of your thought, and it is often the fringe which constitutes the interest of the review in hand."

He has been in the city only a few

of the review in hand."

He has been in the city only a few months and is already thinking of going back to his native village, where it is quiet. The crowded streets of the big city, the brutality of the trolleys and the to him vague suggestion of wickedness at night frighten the little man. He notices, too, a certain hardness and worldliness in the New Yorkers he has met. They talk a great deal about the city and about politics and do not seem to read Dante very great deal about the city and about poli-tics and do not seem to read Dante very much or care particularly for literary crit-leism. Then, too, they don't seem to have much reserve, and talk about their friends and social matters with a ceptain rough di-rectness. They strike him as being rather painfully real, near the earth in many re-spects and sometimes lacking in fitting gravity. Occasionally the little book reviewer is

Gravity.

Occasionally the little book reviewer is compelled to cross the Bowery or walk up Broadway at night, and there he sees things which almost freeze the tender marrow in his bones. He cannot be induced to tell what it is that he sees. Indeed, he probably does not clearly know. But he feeks that it is all very terrible.

When he gets back to his town and his family he will probably swagger just a little, smoke a cigarette or something; and look a little tough now and then when he talks about the metropolis. At other times, we fancy, he may look serious and talk in low tones of the terrible life of a big city, and of the hard men he met, the noisy and tedious monotony of energy, the mad scramble for wealth, the corruption of the police about which he read in the newspapers. And as he drinks his lemonade in the long summer afternoon on the veranda his face will grow grave and thoughtful, with a wrinkle here and there expressing the deep, sad experience through which he has passed. And he will talk to his sister and his admiring mother about the charms of country life, which bores his sister, and quote from Gray about "the cool, sequester d vale of life."

WHY YOUNG MEN HURRY.

The Struggle to Make a Fortune Before 30-01d Age and Failure.

From the Chicago Post. No reader can escape the general impression of intense, feverish, concentrated effort on the part of Chicago's young men. No observer can fail to notice the mad tush for money on the part of city youth— that youth which is at once maturity and childhood, which is at once inexperience and wisdom. It is the ever present, the nev-er ceasing, the haste-compelling condition of the town. Young men of 25 leap into busiof the town. Young men of 25 leap into business, fight furiously and unceasingly every moment of the day—on the street, at luncheon, in greeting acquaintances as in the office or market. They force into play every nerve and faculty; they bring every attribute of their being to bear in swift assembling, sudden investing of fortune from the gods. They run. They hurry. They have no time to speak whole sentences. They know before you finish what you would say, and wrest your weapon of defense by answers like revelations. But above all, they rush!

baggage car to see how they were getting along.

"How does he seem to be doing?" she asked with a sniff.

"Who, the corpse?" inquired the baggage master, kindly.

"No, the dog."

"Oh, he's comfortable," replied the baggage man.

"Anybody been sitting down on him?"

"Who, the dog?"

"No, the corpse."

"Certainly not," answered the baggage man.

Does it seem cool enough in here for "Does it seem cool enough in here for him?"
"For who, the corpse?"
"No, the dog."
"I think so," grinned the baggage master.
"Does the joiling appear to affect him

any?"
"Affect who, the dog?"
"No, the corpse."
"You'll keep an eye on him, won't you?"
she asked, wiping a tear away.
"On who, the corpse?"
"No, the dog."
And having secured the baggage man's promise, she went back to her coach, apparently contented.

A Fowl That Won a Battle. From an Exchange.

From an Exchange.

A singular story is told of a gallant cock whose moral influence at a critical moment during the battle of St. Vincent heiped to save a British man-of-war from the hands of the enemy. The fowl in question formed part of the live stock of the Mariborough—a vessel which had suffered so severely that her captain was considering the advisability of striking his flag. The ship was entirely dismasted, while the chief officers had been carried below severely wounded, and the crew, without anybody to cheer them up, were beginning to grow sullen under the heavy fire of the enemy, to which they were hardly able to respond. At this emergency a shot struck the coop in which the fowls were confined. The only surviving occupant, a cock, finding bits of the life of the enemy to which they were confined. The in which the fowls were confined. The only surviving occupant, a cock, finding himself at liberty, fluttered up and perched himself on the stump of the malmast and surveyed the scene of carnage around him. Then, flapping his wings in defiance, he began to crow vociferously. He was answered by three hearty and exhilarating cheers from the crew, who all had a good laugh, and with spirits thus renewed continued the action with a vigor that lasted until a turn in the battle rescued them from their tight position.

Exchange.

Dr. W. J. Herdiman of the medical faculty of Ann Arbor has discovered a new use for electricity. It is fattening pigs. There is no Joke about the experiment. He has used two cages of guinea pigs for the experiment. The pigs in each cage were the same age. Around one cage he strung electric wires which were charged daily. The pigs in this cage gained 10 per cent more in weight in a given time than the pigs in the cage where there was no electricity.

"An admiral is the man who stands on the bridge and says, 'Never give up the ship!' isn't he?" asked the impressionable girl.

"Sometimes he says that." answered Miss Cayenne, "and then again sometimes he merely says, 'Never give up the prize money!"

EXERCISE FOR SUMMER

THIS IS JUST THE TIME TO GO AT IT GENTLY.

Start Easily and the Motions Will Do You a Great Deal More Good Than It Will to "Lie Around."

From the New York Press.

Now is the time to take regular exercise The feeling of indolence which tempts us in this hot weather to remain indoors and to "lie around" is unhealthful, and in reality makes the effect of the heat the more harmful. This does not mean that one should rush out and hurry around feverishly. The trouble with most persons who have not studied the problem of exercising scientifically is that to them the word exresses violent motion. They cannot conceive of any form of exercise that does not make the breath come fast, the heart beat

tired lungs, or from a fast heart.

Always remember one thing. If your breath comes fast and your heart begins to hammer before your muscles are tired, you have begun to burn your body up, and instead of getting exercise you are wasting strength at an alarming rate. Whatever work you do should make your muscles tired long before your heart or lungs are called on for any work whatever. If you are a runner, your wind should not begin to be a subject for thought till your legs begin to strain under you. If you are a swimmer, there should not be such a thing as a gasp from your lungs till you have worked your arms and legs almost to a standstill. If you are riding a blcycle, your breath and your heart should be as even and calm as if you were lying down until you find the pedals going hard and requiring lots of push.

When Muscles Get Tired.

when Muscles det Tired.

When Muscles det Tired.

Only when your muscles attain that tired state by answers like revelations. But above all, they rush!

Well, they must! They have but ten years in which to conquer the world. From 20 to 30 is their limit. If they are not firmly established at the latter age they become useless and join the great army of incompetents who know more but are worth less. If they are successful at 30 they will retain fortune to the end.

There are exceptions to this rule; but they are rare. Some men essay the fortress of fortune when their hair is gray and their hands unsteady—and achiev it. Some "come back" at 50, after failing repeatedly until that time. But the man of 30 without estate must calculate the heavy chances are against him. It will be like a miracle if he ever acquires. Now, it is a fearful thing to look from under gray hairs at defeat. It is the saddest thing in the world. No wonder the young men hurry. They must!

The Corpse and the Dog.

The other day a woman shipped her husband's remains and a dog over the Central. At Albany she appeared at the door of the baggage car to see how they were getting along.

"How does he seem to be doing?" she asked with a sniff.

"How does he seem to be doing?" she asked with a sniff.

"Oh, he's comfortable," replied the baggage man.

"Anybody been sitting down on him?"

"Who, the dog?"

"No, the dog?"

"No, the corpse."

Independence in Fashion.

Independence in Fashion.

From the New York Sun

Independence in fashion has always been more characteristic of New Yorkers in the summer than at any other time. Indeed, the styles invented here for comfort are said to have been largely adopted in London. The straw hat for city wear popular in London in summer was unheard of there only a few years ago, and that style is now attributed to the influence of the American invasion of London during the summer months. Even English straw hats have come to be made more in accordance with American ideas and without the flannel bands inside, long thought to be the only kinr that could possibly be worn. The latest style of London hat is not likely to prove popular here under any circumstances. It is made to resemble a silk hat, and the external view gives no idea of its elaborate interior arrangement. The upper half is lined with fannel and separated. ces. It is made to resemble a silk hat, and the external view gives no idea of its elaborate interior arrangement. The upper half is lined with flannel and separated from the lower by a piece of thin wire gauze. Within this is placed, through a little door in the gauze, some vegetable fibre capable of retaining cold for some time after it has been frozen. The fiber is put into a refrigerator and then transferred to the hat, in which the wearer is said to be able to keep as cool as if he were under a straw hat. In New York, where the silk hat practically disappears from view from June to October, the ingenuity of the English inventor will in all probability find little encouragement. The designer of the cravat to which no less an authority than the Prince of Wales is said to have given recognition, seems little more likely to be greatly appreciated here in spite of his friendly purpose. This invention, known as the expansionist necktle, is adorned with the union jack and the stars and stripes combined or either emblem alone. In spite of the Prince of Wales' approval this style of neckwear will probably not be seen much in New York this summer. No less competent a judge than Mr. Tod Sloane has lately declared that his friend, the prince, is charming, but no model in dress.

Paid 15 Cents to Hug His Wife.

Paid 15 Cents to Hug His Wife.

Frem the Columbus (Neh.) Times.

The maddest man in Platte county lives at Humphrey. He attended a social, and during the evening the ladies inaugurated a hugging bee, the proceeds to go to the Sunday school. Prices were graded, according to the person hugged. For instance, for hugging a young, inexperienced girl the bidder had to give up 10 cents, married women brought 15 cents and wildows a quarter. Well, the man was blindfolded and, giving up 15 cents, he said he would take a married woman. After he had hugged 15 cents' worth the bandage was removed from his eyes, and lo and behold he had been hugging his own wife! Then he kicked and wanted his 15 cents back. From the Columbus (Neb.) Times.

A Clerical Error.

Prisoner—"Yer honor, I am de man dat wrote 'She Was Bred in Old Kentucky." Judge—"And they've got you indicted only for drunkenness! Step one side till the clerk rectifies the indictment."

A MAGNETIC YOUNG GIRL.

The Power Maria Teresa Urea Has Over the Mexican

William Curtis' Washington Letter. The young Mexican girl, Maria Teres.

Urea, who is devoutly believed by the Mexcan Catholics to be endowed with divin-

owers, is now somewhere among the Ya qui Indians in Sonora, Mexico, and, alough they are the fiercest tribe in that erers-Some of Their epublic and irreconcilable in their hestil ty to the whites, they revere her as priestess and obey her as if she were their priestess and obey her as it she were their queen. There is something strange about Santa Teresa, as they call her. She is a claudity of a small farmer in Sonora, with very little education, but at an early with very little education, but at an early with very little education, but at an early age she developed remarkable hypnotic or mesmeric powers, which cause the ignorant peasants to look upon her as more than human. A touch of her hand is believed to be a cure for every mortal evil, and one of her prayers of intercession a passport to paradise. She does not claim divine power, but confesses that she does not understand the source of her influence. Her family were Catholies, but she has never been strict in her observance of her religious duries. At the same time she recognizes that there is something within her that gives her the unusual influence that she enjoys.

In 1894 I saw her at El Paso, a plain looking girl of 21 or 22 years, in a speckled calgeneration after generation they have tilled the soil along the banks of the Blue Nile, and tilled it in spite of obstacles that make

presses violent motion. They cannot commake the breath come fast, the heart beat in vastly increased measure and the face get as red as a beet. But the form of bodily exertion that does that is more harmful than no exercise at all would be. It is cultivalent to starting a steam engine suddily exertion that does that is more harmful than no exercise at all would be. It is cultivalent to starting a steam engine suddily exertion to starting a steam engine suddily exertion to starting a steam engine suddily exercised. Any engineer will exercise the engine suddily exercised to the correct to the engine. Most of its serrey is expended in a furious driving to tunusual call, and heat to respond to the unusual call, and plains dissipate the energy that is created.

The body acts in just the same way, In all weathers, and especially in this, the proper that one looking on would call you "lazy," Indeed, here an illustration comes in. Who was the proper that to respond to the proper expended needlessly is the secret of proper expended needlessly is the secret of proper expended needlessly is the secret of proper will be proper to the proper to th

arger than that.

The Filipino is just as sure of having his ears cleaned on Sunday as an American is of having a shave, and in the bye streets and alley ways they line up for all the world like a barber shop on Sunday morning, the only difference being the Chinaman can't say "next."

First of all the Chino takes a razor which looks more like a propeller blade than any

Saved From a Serious Scrape.

It. From the Owensboro Messenger.

He is a prominent lawyer in this city. His. daughter is 7 years of age, and walked to the gate with him one day last week. The little girl kissed her hand to him until he turned the corner. He returned the salutation each time. That night when he came home his wife had an icy stare for him. He wanted to know the trouble, but she only answered "Nothing." Any question from him received a short, sharp "yes" or "no." After supper she called him into another room and said:

"Mr. —, Mrs. —, our next door neighbor, was over to see me this afternoon. She informed me of your conduct when you walked down the street, throwing kiss after kiss to her. She said her husband was not at home or he would shoot you. Will you please invent some plausible excuse that I can give to your neighbor to explain away your reprehensible conduct?" He was against the knottlest problem of his life. He thought long and hard and finally the light dawned upon him. He rushed frantically out of the room and returned with his beloved child in his arms. "Daughter," said he, "please tell your mother what you and papa were doing after dinner to-day." "We was throwing after dinner to-day." "We was throwing after dinner to-day." "We was throwing dismissed and in such a convincing manner that the lawyer swooned away when he thought of his narrow escape. Suppose the child had forgotten the occurrence." There would have been a hot time in town that night. But there's a decided coolness now between the two women.

now between the two women.

Mary Anderson and the Dude. Mary Anderson and the Dade.

From the Boston Globe.

Mary Anderson Navarro, who is now visiting friends in this country, had probably a more persistent fight against the wealthy stage masher than any woman in the profession who confined herself to the "strictly legitimate." Early in her career she was playing in Hartford, and was entertained by a number of the literary people there, headed by Charles Dudley Warner, all of whom had the greatest admiration for her genius. At one of these "afternoons" she met a howling swell of the city, and behaved graciously to him. On the strength of this the young fellow ordered a big supper at a leading On the strength of this the young fel-low ordered a big supper at a leading restaurant, and asked a number of his friends to meet Miss Anderson whom she certainly would not have met under any circumstances. Then, during the last act of the performance a messenger was sent to bid the fair actress to the feast. To the mortification of her host and amusement of his guests, the messenger came back with only a verbal message that "Miss Anderson was not on a foraging expedi-tion."

An American who was on his first trip on an English railway quite held his breath at the rapid running. When his nervousness rather overcame him he approached the "I say, guard," he ventured, this is pret-ty fast traveling for safety, isn't it?"
"Oh, no, sir," replied the guard; "we nev-er run off the line here, sir,"
"But," said the Yankee, quickly resent-ing the patronage, "it is not the line. I'm afraid of running off your blamed little isl-and."

From the Detroit Journal.
"I would lay down my life for you!"
he protested.
The orphan girl looked wistfully into his yes.

"But when it comes to laying up any-hing, you aren't there!" she exclaimed, adly. Happily, she knew what it was to be

From Judge.

Tired Byrd (anxiously)—"A missionary guy told me dat we would be judged in de hereafter by our "works" we ve done."

Parched Pease—"Den we don't need to worry-we never done no work."

rom the Detroit Free Press. "There is a man who never resorts to egal measures," "Who is he?"

RACE OF FARMERGIANTS

THEY TILL THE SOIL ON BANKS OF THE BLUE NILE.

It Least a Foot Taller Than the Tallest of Their British Discov-

Customs.

On the banks of the Blue Nile, some 200 miles from its mouth, and in a region so maccessible that even the all penetrating Briton has been slow to reach it, Sir Wil-liam Garstin has just discovered a colony of giants. They are endowed with physical attributes such as would have driven their old fairy tale ancestors into permanent re-tirement. These giants are farmers. For

the annual harvesting of the Kansas cy-clone seem like a summer in an amateur garden.
The old family homesteads of the Niie

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The old family homesteads of the Niie giants have a most annoying habit of disappearing intermittently. This peculiarity—due to the uncertain temper of the sluggish stream that flows by their doorsteps—has caused the glants to acquire amphibious habits. Instead of abandoning the region entirely and seeking a more trustworthy neighborhood they have, with infinite patience and forbearance, studied the whims and eccentricities of the river. When it is high they move up out of the wet and cultivate the high lands. When it is low they move all that is portable on to the mud islands that appear the moment the stream subsides, and on these liftle mud piles they raise rice and grain and a really incredible amount of farm produce. This alternating between the banks and the middle of the stream is kept up year in and year out.

Sir William Garstin, undersecretary of the Egyptian public works department, returned to Cairo recently from an extended Journey up the Blue and White Niles on the English gunboat Metemmeh. He found the Shillocks, as the tribe of giants is called, at Mogren-el-Bohoor, or the Meeting of the Waters. He asserts that he was most favorably impressed with the Shillocks. They are good looking, to begin with, and, better than that, they are honest. Their most marked physical characteristic is their tremendously long arms, which hang below their knees. They are men of remarkable bodily strength, and cau endure fatigue and hardship that would soon kill an ordinary mortal. Sir William found that hardly any of them failed to be at least a foot taller than the tallest Englishman in the party, and many much larger than that.

What They Wear.

What They Wear.

Their attire is conspicuous by its ab-ence. When a Shillock giant has donned his headgear he is ready for breakfast, but no man ever stirs out without it or without his spear in his hand, and this weapon invariably is decorated lavishly with ostrich feathers at the point. The Shillock women are much smaller than the men and are inferior to them in looks. They wear their heads closely shaved and array themselves, winter and summer alike, in skins, which they wear after the style adopted by a sandwich man. The Shillock is not a religious man, and, beyond some vague ideas of the desirability of propitiating malevolent spirits, he is influenced by no creeds whatever. His only modern vice is the harmless one of smoking, and he indulges in that on a scale fitting his stature. The pipe which he smokes will hold comfortably a half pound of tobacco, and when he becomes weary of holding it between his teeth he passes it over to his wife, and she carries it until he wishes it again. his headgear he is ready for breakfast, but

Always remember one thing. If your breath comes fast and your heart begins to hammer before your muscles are tired, you have begun to burn your body up, and instead of getting exercise you are wasting strength at an alarming rate. Whatever work you do should make your muscles tired long before your heart or lungs are called on for any work whatever. If you are a runner, your wind should not begin to strain under you. If you are a swimmer, there should not be such a thing as a gasp from your lungs till you have worked your arms and legs almost to a standstill. If you are riding a blcycle, your breath and your heart should be as even and calm as if you were lying down until you find the pedals going hard and requiring lots of push.

When Muscles Get Tired.

Only when your muscles attain that tired state when they begin to call on other or-rate work has begin to call on other or-rate worked before the open as an American is of having a shave, and in the bug in the bug in the world like a barber shop on Sunday morning, the only difference being the world like a barber shop on Sunday morning, the only difference being the world like a barber shop on Sunday morning, the only difference being the world like a barber shop on Sunday morning, the only difference being the world like a barber shop on Sunday morning, the only difference being the world like a barber shop on Sunday morning, the only difference being the world like a barber shop on Sunday morning, the only difference being the world like a barber shop on Sunday morning, the only difference being the world like a barber shop on Sunday morning, the only difference being the world like a barber shop on Sunday morning, the only difference being the world like a barber shop on Sunday morning, the only difference being the world like a barber shop on Sunday morning, the only difference being the world like a barber shop on Sunday morning, the only difference being the world like a barber shop on Sunday The morning the wind was a razor which looks more like a prope Another enemy to civilization which the engineers have encountered is the relentless white ant. Anything not made of iron it will destroy utterly. It has been decided therefore that the poles of the transcontinental telegraph will have to be of iron.

Man Is Man.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

The woman and the man were wedded, a month had passed, and, in accordance with her agreement, she had come to her fairy godmother to report.

"Is he not all that I said?" inquired the fairy godmother.

"Ye-s-es."

"Is he good to you?"

"Yes."

"Generous?"

"He is."

"Slow to wrath?"

"He certainly is."

"He does."

"Treats your mother as if he had married the family?"

"He'd better."

"Then you have no boon to ask concern.

"What is it? Speak." "He-I-" "Do not be afraid, my child."
"His past history."

"It does not seem to have any dark epoch in it. Apparently he has done noth-ing of which I would blush even to think.

"Well?"
"I-Oh, mother, if you would make me entirely happy, please give him that kind of a past history."
For such is woman, as she has been and ever will be. But the fairy godmother was wiser. She merely said:
"Just wait until you get better acquainted, and find out a few things; then see me

For she knew that man is, has been and ever will be man.

From the New York Tribune.

"Quick change of fortune and occupation I had always understood to be a feature of American life," said a young Englishman receptly, "but I was astonished in Texas, as well as amused, by a revelation concerning the life of a chance acquaintance I made there. He was a well dressed and seemingly well educated Bostonian, traveling for a manufacturer of agricultural machinery, and put on a good many airs. I met him in the town of Bowle, Montague county, and thought him a rather superior man for a drummer. We were drinking at a bar when in came a rough rancher who, seeing the Boston man, slapped him on the shoulder and asked him to drink. The hardware traveler declined haughtly, saying: "Excuse me, sir: I never drink with strangers."

"Oh, we're not exactly strangers, pardner,' retorted the cheerful Texan. I remember when you was through here last summer."

"I was never here before in my life." From the New York Tribune.

"I was never here before in my life, sir.' answered the drummer, with offended dignity.
"Just then two more Texans came in and the first one turned to them for corrob-oration.

oration.

"Haven't we all seen this gentleman before?" he asked.
"Looking the man carefully over, the other two said:
"Sure, Bill. He was through here last summer, leading a dancing bear."
"And in spite of my Boston friend's denial, I found out that the Texans were right."

A Mean Advantage.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
"Did you see the Scrymser girl in the muslin dress that both her sisters were bemusiin dress that both her sisters were before her?"
"Scrymser girl? She was the class valedictorian wasn't she?"
"Yes. But she did a mean thing or she
wouldn't have been."
"What was that?"
"Why, when we were all talking about
the dresses we were going to wear at gradnation, she kept right on studying and got
first honors. Everybody hates her for it."

The Wrong Front.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Clara, you must dress better."

"Well, Harold, you to'd me to economize."

"Yes, but I was mistaken; since you have been going shabby five men have refused to lend me money."